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ROBERT LINDSAY



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were baptized into the Church. He was killed in a coal mine accident 17 October 1861 and was buried in St. Andrews Church yard in the town of Kilmarnock, Ayrshire, Scotland.

On the 16th of April, 1862, a letter came to us to be in Liverpool in three days. The letter came on Thursday, and on Saturday we left our home. Oh what a rush and bustle as mother, William, James, Andrew, Sam, Jean, Bell and Elizabeth and I hurried to get ready. We sailed on April 22, 1862. The sailing ship was John J. Boyd. We landed in New York 4 June 1862, and then on to Hannibal and St. Joseph, Mo. It took ten days to reach Florence, Neb. We left there 22 July 1862 on the 1,000-mile trip West. Some had violins, accordions, concertinas, so we were happy in our venture. Mother brought father's violin.

We came right on to Heber, arriving Friday, 21 September 1862. George Muir, married to mother's cousin, met us in Silver Creek and invited us to his home, but mother learned of a house for sale, so she bought it, paid for it in cloth she had brought with her. The house had a lumber roof, unlike most of the dirt roofed houses of the times.

On Monday the 23rd, I went to work for George Carlile for \$100 a year, to be paid in grain at \$2 a bushel. I was awkward at cutting grain with an old cradle, but was willing to learn.

Long hard years followed, hauling wood, coal and rock all by ox team. I hauled rock from Cottonwood Canyon to Salt Lake for the Temple.

Robert Lindsay and Sarah Ann Murdock, William Lindsay and Mary Mair, decided to get married 12 Dec. 1868. We started to Salt Lake with two yoke of oxen on a wagon. Mother and Ann Richardson and three children went along. It was sure slow going. We camped at Parleys Park the first night and at N. C. Murdock's and Esther's home the next night. On the 14th we went to the Endowment House, but there was such a crowd before us, we had to wait until the next day, so we had our pictures taken. We found two more couples from Heber for the same purpose—Joseph Moulton and Lizzie Giles, Albert McMillen and Nancy Jane Ross. Daniel H. Wells married us. We bought 100 pounds of flour for \$10, two chairs and a rocker, one gallon of molasses and a brass kettle to take home. That night we slept at John Muirs. All slept on the floor. Mother

along with the rest. The next day William and Mary went to Heber. We stayed in Salt Lake City for a few days. We four lived in my house that winter, ate at the same table and paid our share of the food bill. I helped William build his log cabin in Heber.

In 1876 I was admitted as a citizen of the USA. On May 6, 1877 we moved to Lake Creek where we had homesteaded. William and I each had built a log cabin. We each had four children at that time. William and I worked together for a good many years, sharing equally. The boys were now getting old enough to help as we decided to split the homestead. I took the eastern portion and built me a two-room log cabin and moved into it. Our walks and steps were of sandstones, the quarry was not far from our home, and I worked there, getting rock out for houses and churches. My good wife often had to shear the sheep, washed the wool, picked it and spun it into yarn, then wove it into cloth to make the family clothes. She even made a suit for me—the one I wore to be married. She and the children whitewashed her walls and steps, with clay from the pit found on Uncle William's place, and she kept it always nice and clean. The children had a nice bedroom in the attic, which was reached by going up some steps nailed on the wall. There were straw filled ticks all over the floor and the children were just as happy as could be.

In 1887 Robert Lindsay was called on a mission to Australia. He went west by way of the Hawaiian Islands and returned from the east, making a complete circle of the world. Three converts by the name of Meyers, came back with him.

His wife Sarah Ann had worked exceptionally hard with the help of all of the children while he was away. After he returned from Australia the boys left home, seeking work and he worked hard to keep things going with his large family.

He kept faithfully at his work in the church, serving on the high council of the stake and often walking the entire distance to Wallburg and return to make his visits. Sometimes he took the short cut up over the hill from Daniels Creek to save time.

On July 19, 1911, he was stacking hay. A load on the fork was over him on the stack when the derrick pole broke, the load struck him crushing his ribs. This occurred about

→ Over →

11 a.m. near the home in Lake Creek. He died about 4 p.m. the same day.

His younger brother William, with whom he worked closely all his life had this to say of Robert, "He was an earnest worker in the Church and an honest, hard working citizen, well respected in the community by everybody. He labored hard to support his family and build up the country."

SARAH ANN MURDOCK LINDSAY



I was born March 2, 1852 at Church Pasture, where Cudahy Packing Co. in North Salt Lake now stands. My mother was Eliza Clark and my father was Joseph Stacy Murdock. I was the oldest child in my father's family of 32 children, he having five wives. The house I was born in was a two-room house with dirt roof and a rough lumber floor. I was just a small girl, when Brigham Young called my father to go to Carson, Nevada, to attempt to build a Mormon colony, but when Johnston's Army came to Utah, Brigham Young called his men back from Nevada.

The family settled at Whites Fort, about three miles from the Jordan River, near Hariman. The Indians were very bad, so we had to be careful, for they would go to Salt Lake and get fire water and some shooting at the houses would follow, and if the women were left alone, they would pile all the furniture up by the doors and windows.

My entrance into society was to a dance. One of the men at the fort took us in his wagon. Sarah Ervin and Sarah Hunsaker were with us and it was a gala affair. At home I spent most of my time tending the sheep and cows.

We had no matches, so if we let our fires go out we had to take a pan or skillet and go to a neighbor to borrow some coals. On

one occasion our fire was almost gone and Steve Ross of Lehi, took his powder horn out and put a little powder on the coals and in a flash, he and Aunt Jane were knocked over. They were quite badly hurt.

We moved to American Fork, where I started to school. I had a very good teacher, Mrs. James Clark. Attewall Wootton also taught me before he moved to Midway. As pastime we would have stripping bees, all get together and strip the leaves from the sugar cane so it would be ready to be cut and made into molasses. We would get the skimmings to make candy. William Paxman owned the mill. We also gathered cat-tails and milkweeds to make pillows and beds. My first boy friend was Jimmie Bradford. He was so very shy.

Aunt Betsy Murdock Green (sister to Joseph S. Murdock), kept the tavern, where the stage from Salt Lake to Fillmore stopped. She was killed on the railroad tracks just across the road from her home. She didn't hear the whistle.

Provo Valley, later called Heber Valley, was settled in 1859 and in 1860 father was asked to be bishop, thereby requiring a move in 1862 to Snake Creek, later called Midway.

Father was a member of the territorial Legislature. The Indians were very ugly, but father was friendly to them. Better to feed them than to fight them, he said.

I could card and spin with any of the women. I could spin, weave, dye and also make dye and also soap from wood ashes and tallow.

I met a young Scotchman by the name of Robert Lindsay, who had come to Heber with his widowed mother and family for their religion. We became mutually interested in each other and in 1868 we were married in the Salt Lake Endowment House by Daniel H. Wells. William Lindsay and Mary Mair were married the same day. The trip took us two days by ox team to get to Salt Lake. We all went to Heber to live and raise our families.

We lived in Heber until May 6, 1877, when we moved to our homestead three miles east of town in Lake Creek. I was the mother of 16 children, four of whom died while very young. We had many joys and sorrows while making a farm out of a hillside. On July 19, 1911, Robert Lindsay was killed by a broken boom pole on a hay derrick. In 1913 I moved to 880 North University Ave.

in Provo where two of my daughters were teaching school.

In June, 1929, I took a trip with my daughters, Elizabeth and Lisle, and niece, Jennie Edler, to the Hawaiian Islands to see my daughter Ruth and her husband, David Watson. This was the highlight of my life, traveling around, meeting such wonderful people and swimming in the ocean. We returned just in time for school in September.

My church and children have been a great strength to me and have made my last days full of ease and contentment. The children have done well in school, several having received creditable degrees, others have raised honorable families. Each one had a place in our home and in our hearts, and though I worked and suffered much for them, I regret none of it.